

The History of

Moore-ditch?

Fals. Thou hast the most unsavory smiles, and art indeede the most comparative rascaldest sweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I mark't him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, in the streete too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for wisdome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fals. O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme unto me, *Hall* God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: i'll be damned for never a Kings son in Christendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Jacke*?

Fals. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, i'll make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purse-taking.

Fals. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poyntes.

Poy. Now shall we know if Gads-hill have set a match: O, if a man were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that ever cry'd, Stand to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poy. Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Monsieur Remorse*? What sayes sir *John Sacke* and *Sugar, Jacke*? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy soule; that thou soldst him on good Friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *John* stands to his word, the Divell shall have his bargain, for he was never a breaker of Proverbs: he will give the Divell his due.

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Henry the Fourth.

Poyntes. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devill.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devill.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are pilgrimes going to *Cantebury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fatpurfes. I have vizards for you all, you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have bespoke supper to morrow night in *Eastcheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuffe your purfes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fals. Hear ye, *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Fals. *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I by my faith.

Fals. Ther's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellow ship in thee; nor thou camest not of the blood-royall, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well, then once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fals. Why; thats well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyntes. Sir *John*, I prethee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go
+ *Fals.* Wel, God give thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be beleev'd, that the Prince, may (for recreation sake) prove a fals thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in *Eastcheap*.

+ *Pri.* Farewell the latter spring, farewell *Alhallown* summer.

Poy. Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

B

Prince